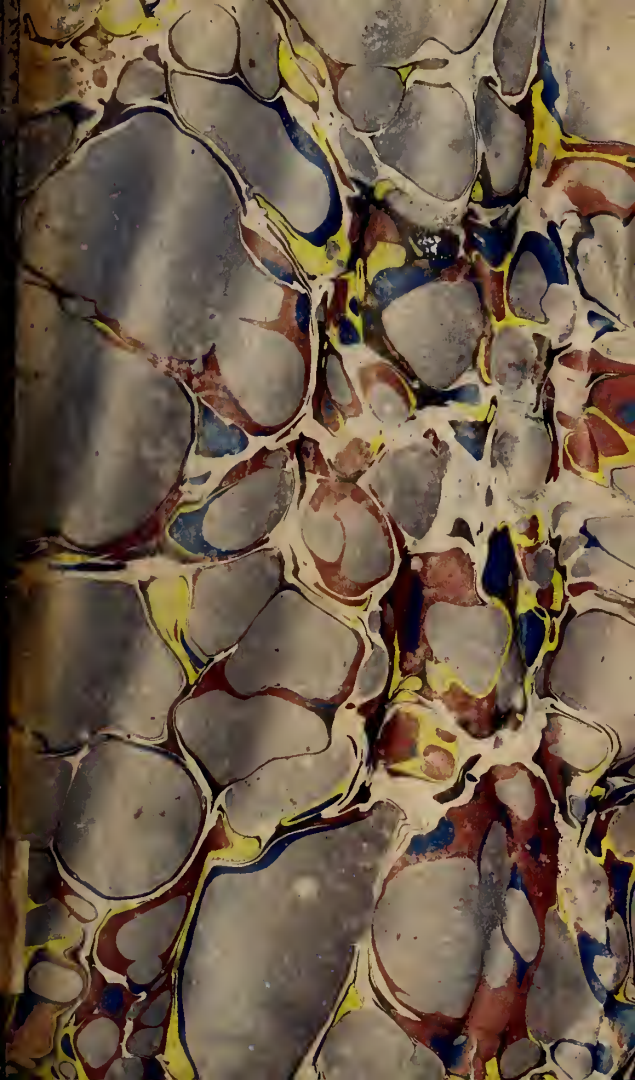


13,584



14-7

*Library of the Theological Seminary,*  
PRINCETON, N. J.

PRESENTED BY

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION

RL

SCB  
13,584









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016





THE TEACHERS RESCUED.





SCENES

IN THE

NEW HEBRIDES,

AND

SHESH ACHURJYA.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.  
NO. 265 CHESTNUT STREET.



# SCENES

## IN THE

# NEW HEBRIDES.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.

IN the South Pacific Ocean, to the west of the Georgian Islands, of which Tahiti is the chief—to the west of the Hervey Islands, of which Rarotonga is the chief—to the west of the eight islands, composing the Samoas or Navigator's group—there lies the group of the New Hebrides. To this cluster of islands, the devoted missionary, Mr. Williams, often turned his longing eyes. It seemed to him that these New Hebrides were the key to New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea, and other groups. When he left England in the *Camden* in the year 1838, it was with

the resolution of visiting, as soon as possible, the New Hebrides.

After a safe and happy voyage, he reached the South Seas, and fixed his home, at Upolu, one of the Samoas. It was on November 5, 1839, that he left Upolu, on his long-planned expedition, to explore these western isles. No one knew that he was leaving for the last time, and yet there was a sadness thrown over the parting, as though every heart had been conscious of what was going to happen. What made him talk so often to his friends about the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the need of being constantly ready to go at Jesus' call? What made him choose for the text of his farewell sermon, those touching words, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more?" What made him weep so much when he bade good bye to his wife and children at twelve o'clock that night, and embrace them time after time, as if he were never to look upon them again?

As soon as he stepped on board the *Camden*, however, his sadness left him. He

had much to do, and much to think about. He had now begun his "great voyage,"—the voyage to which he had been looking forward for eighteen years—the voyage on which hung the hopes of many Christians—the voyage which would either end in bitter disappointment, or do more for the glory of his Saviour than any of his former attempts. The people that he was going to visit spoke a strange language and practised strange customs. They were cruel and savage cannibals.

On his way, he left some native teachers, at Rotuma—an island which, as far as I can judge from the map, was about half-way. The reason why he called there was, that he thought he might find some natives of the New Hebrides on the island, and if he could get them to come with him, they might introduce him to their friends at home. When the *Camden* was within five miles of Rotuma, a canoe approached with four men in it. They were very strange-looking. Instead of clothes, their bodies were smeared over with a thick coat of turmeric and oil, which made them appear as if they were dressed in red coats. One of them came on board: he

was a chief, named Tokoniua. He told them that there were no New Hebrides men on the island. This the missionaries were sorry to hear, but they resolved to leave teachers there if they could. So they sent to the king to offer him some. Meanwhile they landed and talked to the people. After waiting some time, and getting no answer from the king, they were going away: just as they were pushing the boat off, their little friend Tokoniua came running down the beach out of breath, crying out "Back, astern, there!" They stopped—he jumped in and then gave another order, "Pull away, boys." Mr. Williams, much surprised, asked him what he wanted. "I want my missionary," said he. Mr. Williams replied, "but the king does not wish for missionaries, and we are going to sail to larger islands than this, where we hope to leave them." "I no mind the king," cried Tokoniua; "he king his own town; me and my brother chief, we got town too; the king no come speak my town, I no go speak his town: suppose king no like missionary, me like him." Mr. Williams answered that they had no more time to stay, as they had a long distance to go, and many

islands to call at, adding "Have we not, Captain Morgan?" As soon as the little man heard Captain Morgan appealed to, he turned to him, and exclaimed with warmth, "you very kind man, I know, Captain Morgan; what you say, Captain? You no give me missionary? Only one night, Captain, then I get my missionary and you go. What you say Captain? What you say?" By this time all on board were so interested in Tokoniua that they could not refuse him. So they waited that night, and then went on shore with two native teachers, Leitana and Tau, both of them Christians from Samoa. On landing, they found that the king had sent a message all round the island, desiring that no one would receive them; but the chief of that district had returned for answer, "If the teachers come, I shall treat them kindly, but leave their religion with themselves." Mr. Williams was going to kneel down and pray with Leitana and Tau, before leaving them, but the poor ignorant chief was terrified, and begged that they would not do it in his house, lest the spirits should be angry with him, and wreak their vengeance on his children. It did not seem prudent to press the point, so they lifted up a

prayer in their hearts for one another, to Him who hears thoughts as well as words. This was on Wednesday, Nov. 13th, 1839.

On the Saturday evening, as they were steering fast towards the New Hebrides, they held a meeting for prayer, that God would protect them, if it were his will, from the power of fierce savages. As soon as it was light on Monday morning, they opened their eyes, and saw the green hills of Tanna, lighted up by the early beams of the just risen sun. They were full of joy and hope to find themselves anchored, at last, opposite the first of the New Hebrides group. Their joy was increased on landing. The natives were very friendly, and quite delighted at the thought of receiving the teachers. Therefore three were left with them at once. The next morning the missionaries came again on shore to see how the teachers were, and if they had been well treated. They said that they had been treated most kindly, and they wished to get their luggage from the ship, and settle themselves at Tanna. When the people saw them getting into the boat, they were afraid that they were going to leave them altogether; and it was not till they pro-



posed to leave with them two other teachers who happened to be there, as hostages for their return, that they were allowed to push off. They soon came back with their luggage—and then the *Camden* set sail. Thus ended one of the most encouraging visits that Mr. Williams ever made to a savage island—the last before that fatal visit in which his precious life was lost.

Erromanga was reached in a few hours. The next morning, Wednesday, at day-break, the *Camden* anchored in Dillon's bay. Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham were standing upon the side of the ship, as she was gliding along the water, opposite the coast. Mr. Williams was saying that he had not been able to sleep all night because of thinking of the great and important work before him, and the years it would take. Just then a canoe was seen on its way to them. At Mr. Williams's desire a boat was lowered, which took in himself, Mr. Harris, a good man who had gone to the South Seas in search of health, Mr. Cunningham, Captain Morgan, and four sailors, and they went to meet the canoe. The men in it could not understand a word that was said to them; however, they

took some presents and seemed satisfied. Several natives were seen on the shore, making signs to the ship to go away. But it was a *missionary* ship—a ship freighted with salvation; how could it go and leave Erromanga lying in sin?

The boat was now very near the shore. The missionaries threw some beads on the beach, which the natives gladly picked up, and they came closer and took some fish-hooks, and beads, and a small looking-glass. Mr. Cunningham said to Mr. Williams, “Do you think of going on shore?” “I should not be at all afraid of doing so,” he replied; and turning to Captain Morgan, he said, “Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land; and, if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again and leave teachers. We must be content to do a little. You know Babel was not built in a day.” So they stepped on shore out of the boat. Mr. Williams offered his hand to the natives, but they would not take it. He then distributed a few pieces of print among them, hoping to gain their confidence. Meanwhile, Mr. Harris said he wished to have a stroll inland, and see what

sort of a place it was. Mr. Williams followed after Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham remarked to Mr. Williams that he thought that the savages looked very fierce, and as though they meant to do some mischief, but Mr. Williams did not hear him, as he had a group of boys round him, whom he was teaching to say, "one, two, three, four," and so on. Captain Morgan, who had been waiting to see the boat moored safely, now began to follow the others. He had gone about a hundred yards, when the men who were left in the boat cried out to him to run. He lifted up his eyes, and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running with all their might; some furious savages after them. He ran directly. He and Mr. Cunningham jumped into the boat at the same moment. Mr. Harris was not in sight. Mr. Cunningham had seen him die. He had fallen into a brook—and the water had gone over his head, a number of savages standing by, and beating him with clubs.

But what became of Mr. Williams! He ran straight into the sea, intending most likely to swim to the boat. But the savages were close behind him, and struck him on the

head with their heavy clubs. Twice he dashed his head under water to avoid the blow, but it was in vain. A savage stood over him, ready to strike the moment he arose. He was pierced by a shower of arrows. Then about a dozen fierce savages laid hold upon his body and dragged it on shore, beating it in the most furious manner. It mattered not to *him*. Already his soul had taken its flight to glory. Already he was in the presence of that Saviour for whose sake he had counted not his life dear unto himself. Whilst the body, which he had left behind, yet lay mangled and bleeding and dishonoured on the coral reef, he had received a starry crown from his Master's hand.

In sadness and in terror Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham made their way back to the ship. Those who were on board soon saw that there were two places vacant. "What is the matter?" they exclaimed! "We have lost Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris," said the captain. "Lost them!" they thought to themselves; "they mean, that the natives have kept them till a ransom be paid, or something of that sort." "They are *dead*,"

added Captain Morgan; the natives have killed them." What language can describe the feelings of that hour?

"Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself,  
O God of Israel, the Saviour."



## CHAPTER II.

WHO WILL VENTURE NOW?

SYDNEY was the first place where the death of Mr. Williams was known, for the *Camden* went straight there from Erromanga. There Mr. Cunningham and Captain Morgan asked Sir George Gipps to send a ship of war to recover what was left of the bodies of the murdered missionaries. Sir George kindly complied with their request, and sent her Majesty's ship, *Favourite*, under the command of Captain Croker. Mr. Cunningham went with him. They anchored in Dillon's Bay, and, after some trouble, succeeded in getting a little conversation with the natives, who told them that they could not give them the bodies of the missionaries, for they had eaten

them; but they brought them some of the bones—all that they could find.

From Erromanga they sailed to Samoa, with the sad, sad news. As soon as the natives perceived the teachers on board, their first question was for “Missi Williamu,” as they pronounced Mr. Williams’s name, and it was mournful to see those who had set out towards the ship, with bright and happy faces, briskly rowing their canoes, go back silently, and with weeping, and as slowly as if they could hardly lift an oar. The news ran like lightning through the island, and every house was filled with the voice of lamentation. “*Aue Williamu; Aue Tama*—Alas, Williams; alas, our father!” were the only sounds heard. Poor Mrs. Williams!—what deep sorrow hers must have been! It was in the middle of the night that she was awakened, and told about it. I almost wonder they did not let her sleep till the morning. To think of her husband beaten to death with a hard club! She would have liked him, when it was the will of God that he should die, to die in peace, with his friends round him, and with her hand tenderly bearing up his head, and with words of faith and

prayer whispered in his ear ; but that death on the cold stones of the island beach !—oh ! it was a cruel death to die ! But God comforted her, and she rejoiced that her husband had been counted worthy to wear a martyr's crown.

All were anxious to see Mrs. Williams, and to administer consolation ;<sup>6</sup> but this for many hours she was unable to bear. At length, towards the evening, she yielded to the great importunity of Malietoa, who had hastened from his own settlement, and allowed him to be admitted ; and, as soon as he entered the room, he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of distress, weeping, beating his breast, and crying, “ Alas Williamu, Williamu, our father, our father ! He has turned his face from us ! We shall never see him more ! He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone ! Oh ! cruel heathen ! they know not what they did ! How great a man they have destroyed ! ” After indulging for some time in these and similar exclamations, he turned to Mrs. Williams, who was lying upon a sofa, and kneeling by her side, he gently took her hand, and, while the tears were flowing fast down

his cheeks, he said in the softest and most soothing tones, "Oh! my mother! do not grieve so much! do not kill yourself with grieving. You too will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then, oh! what shall we do? Think of John, and of your very little boy who is with you, and think of that other little one in a far distant land, and do not kill yourself. Do love, and pity, and compassionate us." For many succeeding days, Mrs. Williams was called to pass through such scenes as these. So many came to weep over her, and their grief was so sincere, that, heavily as their tears and cries fell upon her heart, she could not deny their request; and God sustained her.

But not at the Samoas alone was this deep grief felt. It was as though a dark cloud had spread upon all the islands. Every one, on meeting his neighbour, said, "Williams is gone!" Both at Samoa and at Rarotonga the natives raised a monument to his memory. The writing upon the latter is in the Rarotongan tongue. This is the English of it:—"To the memory of the Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, who having laboured upwards of fourteen years



at Raiatea, was made the honoured instrument of introducing Christianity to the Hervey and Samoan Islands. In attempting to convey the Gospel to the New Hebrides, he fell a sacrifice, with his friend Mr. Harris, on the island of Erromanga, to the cruelty of the deluded heathen inhabitants, Nov. 20th, 1839."

And was nothing more to be done for the New Hebrides? Was not the plain which Mr. Williams had sketched for carrying the Gospel to the Western Isles, to be carried out? Were the New Hebrides, and New Caledonia, and the Isle of Pines, to be left in darkness because Mr. Williams had died? Oh, no! Missionaries are not so soon hindered in their work of saving souls. Every true missionary has a martyr-spirit; so has every true Christian. Every Christian must take his life in his hand, and be ready to lay it down at any time when his Master bids him. *You* must have a martyr-spirit, my children, and love your work better than your life, or you will not do much work for Christ.

Now, who would go and take Mr. Williams's place in the *Camden*? It was a

dark beginning. One had gone, and fallen a victim to the fierce savages. Very likely the next might come to the same end. But Jesus called—that Saviour, who had laid down his life for the sheep; and which of those whom he has bought with his blood would shrink back from the call of a voice so dear? Mr. Heath said, “I will go, on condition that my brother-missionaries will promise, that if I am killed, they will follow.” They promised, and he set off in the *Camden*, on April 20, 1840.

The first place he visited, was Rotuma, the island where Mr. Williams had left Leitana and Tau, with their little talkative friend, Tokoniua. This same Tokoniua paid a visit directly to Mr. Heath in the ship, and told him that the teachers were quite safe, and living with Marof, the chief of a large district; but Marof, he said, was not the principal chief.—Rimakau was the great man of the island; and it would be better to place them with *him*. About noon, the teachers came. Don't you think they were delighted to see the *Camden* again, and to find in it Mr. Heath, and other dear friends, and, above all, their wives and their children,

whom they had been obliged to leave behind, as it would not have been safe to bring them on the island, till they knew what sort of people the inhabitants were? They said that Marof had treated them kindly, but that no one had become a Christian yet, for that the people were afraid to turn till the chiefs turned. How important it is that rich and great people should set a good example; for others will always do as they do. But it is wrong to wait for any one in doing right. We must go on, whether other people follow us or not.

In the afternoon, Mr. Heath and Captain Morgan called upon Marof, and took him, for a present, two hatchets, a red shirt, and a knife. They had a long talk about religion. Marof said, "Your religion is good; wicked men will go to hell, and good men to heaven; but I shall not turn yet." I am afraid there are some little boys and girls in this Christian land who are like Marof. Why don't they turn to God now? Mr. Heath said to Marof, "Who, then, is your god?" "Aye," he answered, "I no believe it—I no believe that at all." He would not tell them

the name of his god. Poor man! he had no god at all.

The next day, they went to see Rimakau, the principal chief. They could not persuade him to receive any missionaries. He said they had better be with Marof than with himself; but he talked so much nonsense, they did not know what to make of him. The fact was, he had been drinking too much *kava*—an intoxicating liquor made from the root of a tree which grows in the South Sea Islands—and it is of no use to talk to people when they are in that state. So they came away.

The next island they visited, was Tanna. I am sure you remember Tanna. It was the place where Mr. Williams had found the natives so friendly, and where he had left three native teachers the day before he was killed. Once again the *Camden* anchored opposite its shores. One of the teachers, named Salamea, soon saw it, and came on board, and brought with him Naurita, an old chief who had been the first to welcome Mr. Williams. The missionaries would not let many come on board at once, lest the deck

should be too crowded. But those who came were very good humoured. How queer you and I should think it to see people whose skin is of a copper colour with their faces besmeared with patches of black and red paint—and with long pieces of wood thrust through their ears, and with rings in their noses! Mr. Heath did not think it strange, of course, because he had seen many similar to them on other islands; and we should get used to it in time. After all, the colour of the skin does not matter. As a man's heart is, so is he ugly or beautiful in God's sight, and so ought he to be in ours. The natives were greatly delighted with Captain Morgan's two children. One of them was a little girl with very light hair, which they admired so much, that several of the chiefs asked if they might have a lock of it.

Mr. Heath inquired what progress the teachers had made in instructing the people. He found that three chiefs and about thirty or forty people attended public worship; but none of them had become Christians. He then consulted with Naurita, as to whether it would be safe to place teachers on the neighbouring islands of Niua, Anatom, and

Erromanga. "Not upon Anatom," said Naurita, "they are very bad people at Anatom; but you may try Niua and Erromanga. I have friends on both those islands, and I will go with you and be your interpreter."

I have not told you the name of the bay—the beautiful bay—where the *Camden* was now lying at anchor. Its name is Resolution Bay. Captain Cook gave it this name. It was here that Mr. Williams had anchored. The entrance to it is rather wide; but there are shoals in parts of it, which break the violence of the waves, so that when it is stormy in the open sea, it is quiet here. On one side of the bay, is a low, sandy beach, and on the other, a ridge of hills, the furthest of which, at the distance of ten miles, is a volcano, which very often sheds a strong light, which is seen upon the bay. As Mr. Heath cast his eyes round upon this lovely bay, he longed for the time when the music of native voices singing hymns to the Saviour, should ascend from the peaceful shore, or float over the waters, and be re-echoed by the hills.

The next day he made a speech to the chiefs who had come on board, and told them how pleased he was that they had treated the

teachers so well; "But," said he, "our desire is, that you will throw off your *alema* (gods) and worship Jehovah; and after a while, white missionaries will come and live with you." One of them said, "Come you and live with us." "If I can't," he replied, "somebody else will."

Mr. Heath then landed, and Captain Morgan remained with the boat on the beach, so that if any danger arose, as before at Erromanga, a way of escape might be near at hand. However, there was nothing to fear. One of the chiefs led Mr. Heath by the hand in the midst of three or four hundred people, armed with bows and arrows, and clubs; and once or twice he thought to himself, "suppose these savages were now to fall on me, I could not help myself." But God watched over his servant. His time to die was not yet come. A believer in Jesus needs never be afraid, for none can cut him off before that hour, which God has, in his mercy, fixed for calling him home. Till then, he is safe. He may walk among lions, or among wicked men a hundred times worse than lions—but he is safe.

Mr. Heath found out that these people

were cannibals. Still, as they were so friendly, two more native teachers were left with them. The number now on the island was *five*.

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### ERROMANGA AGAIN.

WHEN Mr. Heath had returned to the ship, old Naurita came on board, and five other natives with him, and off they set for Niua and Erromanga. It did not take them long to get to Niua. They left Tanna early in the morning, and they were at Niua by ten o'clock. There is nothing like taking the first morning hours for doing important work. If people would live to profit, they must try how much they can get done before ten o'clock in the morning.

It was a good thing that they had come early; for it took them a whole day to examine the coast, and consider where to land. They wanted some of the chiefs to come off to them instead of landing them-



selves ; but none came ; so the next morning they lowered the boat, and Captain Morgan, Naurita, Mr. Heath, and one or two others, went in it towards the shore. The rocks were so steep and slippery, they could not land ; but Zechariah and Lalolangi, two of the teachers, jumped out of the boat, and swam ashore. Three men met Zechariah in the water, and were so delighted to see him, that they almost took him in their arms. Several of the natives now came swimming to the boat. They were quite willing to have teachers. Zechariah and Lalolangi came back, and said, that those with whom they had been talking on the rocks, were very friendly and well-behaved, except that a boy had laid hold on the calico wrapper which Lalolangi wore round his head, and was swimming off with it, but a canoe went after him, and quickly brought it back. The missionary party then returned to the vessel, and the teachers who were appointed to Niua soon got ready, and went off in the boat, taking with them hatchets and red shirts, and fish-hooks, as presents for the chiefs. Their friends in the *Camden* stood watching them, and praying that God—their God and Father

—might be with them to comfort and strengthen them amongst heathen men and strangers. As soon as the boat came back, the *Camden* weighed anchor, and the next day was close beside Erromanga. This was on the 9th of May. An anxious day was that to Captain Morgan and Mr. Heath. Before them lay the shore yet stained with the martyr's blood. It was a dangerous spot. They felt that missionaries were scarce, and their lives very precious. What if they were to make a mistake, and another valuable life should be lost to Christ's church, and another opportunity of bringing the perishing tribes of Erromanga to Jesus be shut upon them, through their own bad management! Do you not think they must have prayed very earnestly, and that it was Solomon's prayer that they offered, "Give thy servants an understanding heart?" 1 Kings iii. 9.

They took care not to go to the same part of the island where Mr. Williams had landed. They went where Naurita told them to go. Then they dropped anchor, and waited to see if any body on the island would come off to them. Soon a little canoe was pushed off, and then another. The men in the canoes

came alongside the ship, and seemed very well pleased to come on board. Some of them were natives of Tanna, and they were delighted to see some Tanna people again.

The missionaries were resolved to proceed very cautiously. They thought they would not go with their boat to the shore, for they remembered what had happened when Mr. Williams went in the boat. But the canoes went back, and left the chiefs and their attendants on board ; so that when the chiefs wished to return, the missionaries were obliged to send them in their own boat. Did not this look something like a device of the natives to draw some of the missionary party to the island ? And what could they want them on the island for, but to do them mischief ? It looked suspicious ; but Captain Morgan trusted in God, and he took the chiefs in his boat, and went with them. As they rowed along towards the shore, he kept his eye everywhere—before him and behind him—on the water and on the land—watching, lest there should be some lurking danger. Presently, he saw two canoes coming out to meet them ; and men were putting bows and arrows into the canoes. This looked bad ;

especially when he noticed that the canoes were arranged along the rocks, on each side of the narrow entrance to the cove. After all, there was no real cause for fear. When one is afraid, every thing seems terrible. The bows and arrows were brought only for sale. The people were quite willing to receive teachers, and two were placed with them, whose names were Lasalo and Daniela. They were placed under the protection of Nauari, the principal chief of the district. The name of the district was Lesenturui; it was about fifty miles from Dillon's Bay. These people had heard of the murder of Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris; they had been told that many of those who had killed them were dead; and they supposed that their death was a punishment inflicted upon them by Mr. Williams's God.

Captain Morgan had to go with the boat a second time, and one of the teachers who had been some hours on shore, came to tell him that he had been most kindly treated. The missionaries were delighted. Their fear was turned into joy. They named the little harbour into which they pushed the boat, "The Camden Cove." These natives seemed

to them the best tempered, and the kindest they had met with anywhere. What a contrast was this to the first visit to Erromanga!

On May 11, they returned to Tanna, and found themselves again in Resolution Bay. There Naurita and the other natives left them in spite of Mr. Heath's earnest request that one of them would go with him to New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines. I suppose they would not hazard their lives amongst the barbarians who inhabit those islands. But where even Naurita was unwilling to adventure himself, Mr. Heath was willing to go. It would never do for a missionary to stay away from barbarians, because there is danger. It is for a missionary to go anywhere—amongst the barbarians and the civilized, amongst Jews and Greeks, amongst bond and free, and preach Christ Jesus.

As they were sailing to the Isle of Pines, they saw at a distance one of the Loyalty Islands, a group, of which very little is known, and they thought to themselves, there lies another field for missionary labour, just halfway between Tanna and the Isle of Pines, and not more than a day's sail from either; but when shall it be occupied? When will Christians

awake, and be in earnest, and show that they love Jesus, and that they love souls, by offering to go out among the heathen, and sow these waste places with the seed of the kingdom of heaven?

They came to the Isle of Pines, so called from the immense groves of pine-trees, with which it is covered. Here they got on very well, and left two native teachers, Daniela and Noa. When Daniela and Noa went on shore, the people were pleased enough to see them; and when they knelt down in prayer to God, the natives knelt down too. But they had their clubs and spears in their hands, and Noa was not quite satisfied that they should kneel down before the God of peace and love, with weapons of war about them; so he said, "Put down your weapons whilst you pray." They ran directly, and threw all their weapons into a bush, and came back to prayer.

My children, do you throw away your evil tempers, when you pray? When you kneel down to prayer, oh! ask yourselves, what have I in my hand, or in my heart, that God does not like? Then rise and cast it away, never to take it up again. "If I regard ini-

quity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

On leaving the Isle of Pines, the *Camden* steered to New Caledonia. The natives came on board, and frightened the teachers by pointing to various parts of the island, and saying, "*There, and there, and there, they eat men.*" It was no more than they expected; it was no more than they had heard before. *All* these islands were inhabited by cannibals. But it frightened the teachers, and they said they durst not stay. The New Caledonians appeared to be a wandering, unsettled race, yet Mr. Heath wished one or two native teachers to live with them for a time, to learn their language, and to see if they could not persuade them to settle in a little village, where a missionary might reside among them, and teach them. But the Samoan teachers who were on board were afraid; so Mr. Heath came away, and resolved to ask the Rarotongans, to send two or three of *their* people the next time the *Camden* came, for the Rarotongans are naturally a hardier and bolder race than the Samoans. The *Camden* now turned back to Sydney, having completed a very prosperous

and happy voyage. How much had Mr. Heath, and his friends, to talk over when they met! The many fears, the many anxious thoughts they had entertained, were all vanished. They were ready to weep for joy. They had not words to speak their thankfulness, and they burst forth into singing—

“Oh! magnify the Lord with me;  
With me exalt his name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

“Oh! make but trial of his love;  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### BETTER AND BETTER.

Do you remember, that when Mr. Heath was at Tanna, he wanted to go to Anatom, but Naurita, the old Tanna chief, who was interpreter to the missionaries, would not go



there, because there were some very bad people at Anatom? The next year when Mr. Murray was going about in the *Camden*, he stopped at Anatom. Another name for this island, is Ekeamu, and, as it is generally known by that name, we shall call it so.

Well, Mr. Murray stopped at Ekeamu. The natives appeared to be a mixed race; some with woolly hair like negroes, and others with straight hair, like all the inhabitants of the eastern islands. They were not tattooed, but smeared over with a red substance, sometimes mixed with black, which made them look very savage. Most of them wore very long hair, and twisted it up with grass. As to clothing, they had none, or next to none. With these miserable looking beings, Mr. Murray tried hard to be friendly, but they were very shy. He found that he could not succeed unless he took a boat, and went boldly to the shore. Having done this, he sent for the chief. The chief came, but would not venture very near the boat, till at last, Mr. Murray's kindness dispelled his fear, and he came near enough to receive a present, and he said that he should be very glad to receive teachers. Two of the teachers

from Samoa were then placed on the island, and they received a hearty welcome. The people were collected in a crowd on the beach, waving green boughs in their hands, according to their custom, as a sign of peace. Oh ! it was a beautiful sight ; the crowd on the beach proclaiming peace, and waving their branches—and the teachers, bringing the news of true peace, landing among them. It was something like what we read in Matthew xxi. 8, 9. They could not draw the boat quite on the beach, because it was not a good landing place. So the natives waded through the water to meet it, and carried the teachers' luggage on their backs to the shore. I dare say there were some little boys there all alive, and looking out for something that they could manage to carry. It was a happy day to the missionaries, and it seemed to prophecy of still happier days. For, if the seed-time be pleasant, what shall the harvest be ?

## CHAPTER V.

## THE TEACHERS RESCUED.

ON April 5, 1842, the *Camden* drew near the shores of Erromanga for the third time, and very anxious were good Mr. Murray and his friends on board to know how Lasalo and Daniela were going on—the two teachers, that had been placed there by Mr. Heath, on May 10, 1840. You had an account of Mr. Heath's placing the teachers on Erromanga, in Chapter III.

It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, when the missionaries found themselves opposite the island. For two hours they waited, and wondered very much that the teachers did not come off to them. Did they not see them? Or, were they dead? Had the natives killed them? At last, Captain Morgan and Mr. Heath lowered the boat, and proceeded to the shore to make inquiry. When they had come very near the beach, Lasalo came off to them in a canoe with Nauari, one of the principal chiefs. Lasalo told them the

reason why he had not come off before, was, that he could not get a canoe. Captain Morgan took them into his boat, and asked that the other teacher, Daniela, might be brought. But the people did not seem inclined to bring Daniela. They lingered about—they tried all sorts of ways to tempt the missionaries to come on shore. They were too wise to go. The natives were all armed, and there were great numbers of them standing round.

Lalolangi, a teacher on board, said he could go boldly on shore, and bring Daniela. He went, but he could not get Daniela away. It was all he could do to get himself away; for the people seemed inclined to lay hands upon him, too, and keep both him and Daniela.

What was now to be done? What could it be that the natives were after? What was it, do you think, that they wanted? The missionaries did not know—but they thought they were after no good, and they began to feel unhappy about poor Daniela.

Then a thought came to them; we have Nauari the chief, on board. We wont let him go till Daniela comes. We will say to

the people, when you give up Daniela, we will give up Nauari. As soon as Nauari heard what they were going to do, he jumped out of the boat, and began swimming to the shore ; but some messengers were sent after him, who brought him gently back without hurting him.

When the chief found that he was to be a prisoner so long as Daniela was one, he told the people not to keep the teacher any longer. Still they seemed very unwilling to let him escape, and two hours more passed, and nothing was done. By and by the missionaries, to their great joy, saw him coming in a canoe ; but even then, they began to despair of his ever getting to them. For as they rowed their boat to meet him, the natives pulled their canoe back ; and so they went on, pulling backwards and forwards, till, I don't know whether the natives were tired ; but, at any rate, the missionaries were,—and poor Daniela, I should think, was the most tired of all. At last, the natives were pulling their canoe very near Captain Morgan's boat ; and Daniela, watching his opportunity, jumped into the water, and swam to his friends. They were then within a few yards

of the shore, a high, bold shore, thronged with the most ferocious savages, all prepared with their weapons of war. Very glad were the missionaries to turn away towards their ship, having first given some beads to the natives, which they had promised them as a reward for bringing Daniela. They gave Nauari, too, some presents, and asked him to come with them to the ship. He was greatly pleased with the presents, but would not come to the ship.

Both Lasalo and Daniela were looking very ill, and thin, and pale. No wonder. They had had a sad life of it since the *Camden* had left them. The chiefs who promised Mr. Heath that they would protect them, had broken their word. They had quite deserted them. They wanted them to give up to them every thing they possessed; and because they would not do this, they ordered that no one was to give them food, but that they were to be left to starve. It was a wonder that they were kept alive. But God who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, can easily supply his children with bread, whatever cruel men may do or say. He provided that there should be at that time a party of

eight persons from Niua, visiting their friends at Erromanga. These inhabitants of Niua were not Christians, but they did not mind what the Erromanga chiefs said, and they behaved kindly to the teachers. Five months, however, before Captain Morgan and Mr. Murray had come, the party from Niua had returned home, and Daniela and Lasalo were left without a friend.

Without a friend—while Jesus lived ! Without a friend—while the God of heaven and earth was theirs ! No, indeed—they had a Friend—a Friend so great, so powerful, so loving, that they needed no other. He could do without the help of the party from Niua. He next put it into the heart of a man, whose name was Vorevore, to pity the teachers ; and this man used to steal down quietly every day to the lowly hut where they lived, and, lifting up the thatch of the roof, put in a little food for them. This kept them alive. The people used to wonder they did not die, but Vorevore managed the matter so quietly that he was never found out. Vorevore was not a Christian ; but I think he must have had some secret working in his mind—something that told him Christianity was right—that

the teachers were men of God—and that he must befriend them.

It was a good thing that the *Camden* came just when it did. Daniela was on the eve of being killed. He said that he thought that the only reason that he was not killed, was, that the chief was kept in the hands of the missionaries, and the people were afraid that if they killed him, they might never get Nauari back.

The missionaries would have liked to see Vorevore, to thank him for his kindness to the teachers, but they durst not ask for him; for, if the natives had known what he had done, he would have lost his head for it.

Of course, Mr. Murray was obliged to take Lasalo and Daniela away with him. It would not have been safe to place them on the island again. But they were not tired of Christ's work. They were not tired out by their danger and difficulties. They wished still to labour; and, after they were a little refreshed and strengthened, they were stationed at the Isle of Pines.



## CHAPTER VI.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

LASALO and Daniela were stationed at the Isle of Pines. But not many months had passed, before some Europeans went to the island to get sandal wood. They were not Christians; they were unjust and wicked men. The natives were so angry with them, that they resolved they would have nothing more to do with foreigners, and that they would murder the first ship's crew that came.

A little while after, the brig *Star*, commanded by Captain Ebrill, a kind-hearted man, who was married to the daughter of one of the missionaries at Tahiti, visited the Isle of Pines. He knew nothing of the cruel determination that had been made by the inhabitants. He and a great part of the crew, who had, up to that time, been very friendly with them, went on shore, and began to fell the trees for the sandal wood. One of the chiefs gave a signal—the people rushed upon them—snatched their axes out of their hands,

and murdered them with their own weapons. And then they cooked their dead bodies, and ate them! There were some Samoan teachers on the island—but whether Lasalo and Daniela were there, or whether they had been sent away before, I cannot exactly make out. Certain it is, however, that all the teachers who were then on the island, were put to death too.

But we will turn to something brighter. On July 1, 1842, the *Camden* paid another visit to Tanna, to leave *English* missionaries on the island. On its way it passed Erromanga, close beside Dillon's Bay. Who that loves Jesus will pass Erromanga, without looking out for Dillon's Bay? There was a crowd of natives standing on the very spot where Mr. Williams fell, and the missionaries lowered the boat, and made for the shore, meaning if any came off to them, to be very kind to them, in order to show that they had forgiven them; but none came. When they saw the boat, they ran away, and the missionaries turned back.

They made for Tanna, and soon reached it. The native teachers came and told them that they had been kindly treated; the people

had helped them to build a house, and had often brought them food : but they were great thieves. None of them had yet given up their heathen customs, and the chief reason of their kindness seemed to be, because they hoped to get something by it.

The next day, Mr. Heath and Captain Morgan, and the other missionaries, had a meeting with the chiefs. They said to them, "Do you wish to have English missionaries with you?" The chiefs said, "Yes." "Will you treat them and their wives with respect?" They said, "Yes." "Will you give them a piece of land to build a house upon?" They said, "Yes."

The next day was Sunday. Five of the missionaries went on shore at nine in the morning, and had a meeting with the natives in the open air, under the shade of a large tree. About two hundred were there. They were very attentive. Most of the men were armed with clubs, and bows and arrows. In Tanna, a man when he goes out, takes up his club as naturally as an Englishman or American takes up his hat. It was a happy day, that Sabbath at Tanna. At half-past ten, the Bethel flag was hoisted in the

*Camden*, to show that it was turned into a chapel; and the captains and some of the sailors came from other ships that happened to be there at the time, and the missionaries held a solemn service. In the afternoon, the friends of Jesus broke bread together in remembrance of his dying love.

In the course of a few days, Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Turner were left on the island, and their brethren sailed away. They went next to Niua, and there found that matters were much in the same state as at Tanna. Many of the natives attended worship on the Sabbath, but none had become Christians. Yet the teachers had done good. Six times they had prevented war; for the natives of the South Seas are ready to go to war about anything. Once, too, the teachers prevented a whole boat's crew from being massacred. A faithful Christian *must* do good, wherever he is.

Next, the *Camden* visited Eranan, an island close by, where teachers had been left a little while before. It was very difficult to get at this island, the wind blew so hard. The *Camden* would have visited it oftener, if it were not that it was often impossible to get

at it because of the high wind. But they succeeded this time; and what good news they heard! Twelve women and five men had really thrown away their idols, and embraced Christianity. These were the first-fruits of the New Hebrides. The good missionaries sang for joy, and they cried, "Lord, let the little one become a thousand!"

The next day they anchored at Ekeamu. You remember how gladly the natives of Ekeamu had welcomed the teachers with the waving of green boughs and shouts of joy. Here they found that three natives had become Christians. Some of the natives had been very cold and unfriendly to the teachers, and said that they knew very well that they were only sailors, who had been thrust out of their ship for behaving badly, and who were glad to take refuge on the island. But when they saw the *Camden* come again, and that Mr. Heath and Captain Morgan seemed delighted to meet the teachers, they altered their opinion, and said, "Now we will attend to their instructions."

It was time that they should, for they were very wicked and barbarous. One of the customs of the island was, that when a man

died, his wives were all to be strangled and buried with him. To bury at Ekeamu means, to throw into the sea. They never bury in any other way. The sea is their grave-yard. Only a few days before the *Camden* came, a man had died, and left a wife. Who do you think tried to strangle her? Her own brother. It was his office to do it. He prepared a cord, and had already seized her, in spite of her struggles and cries; when Davida, one of the native teachers, ran to them, and rescued the poor woman.

Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet who had been left at Tanna, were rather discouraged. A war broke out; and although *they* were quite safe, as no one was quarreling with them, yet the war prevented the people from coming to them to be taught.

But they found a greater stop to their work than war. It was the power of the priests, or "sacred men," as they were called. These priests saw that they should lose their gains, if the people became Christians; so they resolved to do every thing they could against the missionaries. Still the missionaries went on, trusting in God, and hoping for better times.

## CHAPTER VII.

## DANGERS AND ESCAPES.

BUT dangers came thicker and thicker. Once a man was seen lifting up his hand to kill Mr. Turner by a violent blow on the head. The hand was caught and stopped, and brought down, or Mr. Turner would have been a dead man in another minute. Soon after, the same thing happened to Mr. Nisbet. And all was owing to the malice of the priests.

Just at this time, there was a great deal of sickness among the people. It was an unhealthy season. Every body was ill, and many died. The priests said it was the missionaries who caused the sickness and death, and they mustered a great party, and came against them. What could these good men do now? They stood almost alone; there were only a few of the natives who gathered round them, and there were hundreds marching to take away their lives. What do you think they did? There was

but one thing they could do. What was it? Ah! I think some of my little readers have got the answer ready. *They prayed.* And God heard their prayer, and sent a great thunder storm, which frightened and scattered the wicked islanders, so that they could not do what they wished. They did not go, however, till they had killed one of the men on the missionaries' side, as a signal of war. The party to whom the man belonged, were of course, very angry. How sorry the poor missionaries were! They begged the people not to fight. They offered them presents—they promised them everything they had to give, if they would but keep from shedding more blood. But nothing would satisfy them.

The missionaries were now forced to think of leaving the island. They set off in their little boat one night at 11 o'clock. It was windy and cloudy, and raining very fast, and their hearts were sad. But the moon shone now and then through the clouds, and its beams, resting on the troubled waves, reminded them of the blessed hope that lighted up their sorrows. But a sad storm arose, and they were beaten to and fro till about 3 o'clock in the morning, when, being quite ill



and faint, and despairing of getting out of the bay, they ran their boat ashore, and made their way back to their own house. The natives knew nothing about it.

As soon as the sun had risen, their house was beset on all sides by the people who were friendly to them, wanting help for the war. The missionaries would not give them help for the war, but they filled their hands with hatchets and nails, and useful things, and said, "Go, give *them* to the enemy, and make peace." But it was all in vain. They said, "We mean to fight. We don't wish to make peace in that cowardly way." What a mistake to think that a man who wont fight is a coward! He is the coward who dares not bear the shame of being called one, when he does what is right.

The missionaries and their wives sat down to breakfast, for they were tired and hungry. After breakfast, they gathered together to read God's word, and knelt in prayer. They had hardly said *Amen* to their prayer, when their servants came running to tell them the fearful news. The enemy were at hand. Their fierce yells rent the air. Some of the friendly chiefs came running into the house,

to beg of them to be off directly in their boat, or to some house near the sea, or there would be no hope for them. They sent off their wives, and resolved to wait themselves, and see if they could not make peace when the enemy actually came up. They were noble-minded men to stay there in the jaws of destruction, for the sake of saving these wretched people. But after their wives were gone away, they were so concerned on their account, that they were obliged to set off after them. They had hardly reached them, when a chief came to ask them to return directly. They went back, wondering what was going to happen. What a comfort it was when they found that their people had altered their minds, and wished for hatchets, and knives, and cloth, to give the other party to make peace! The missionaries very gladly gave them what they wanted. But their troubles were not over. The enemy received the presents, and said, "Now we will not attack the *missionaries*, but we shall give *you* a beating."

The next morning the war broke out. All was as unsettled as ever. One village after another was destroyed. On every side,

where the eye could see, were red fires burning. Suddenly a loud shout rent the air. Was it the battle? No: it was a vessel that just then hove in sight in the bay. What joy to the missionaries! Their fears were driven to the winds. God had sent the ship to save them alive. It was the *Highlander*, Captain Lucas, of Hobart Town. Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet immediately sent a boat to the Captain, to tell him of their distressed condition, and he promised to take them on board.

Some of the natives who were friendly to the missionaries, came on board after them to bid them good by. No one asked them to remain; and yet they seemed sorry to let them go. The missionaries promised them that their ship should come and see them again, and that, then, if they had given up war, and if they would promise to behave well, Samoan teachers should once more be left with them. They also gave them some good advice at parting—warned them of the danger of their evil ways, and begged them to pray the Lord Jesus to forgive their sins. Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet were then taken to the Samoas.

It was not over Tanna alone that a dark

cloud rested. About this time it was that the murder of the native teachers took place in the Isle of Pines, about which, we told you in Chapter VI.

Teachers had been left in New Caledonia, too, and it was a wonder that *they* were spared. Matuku, the Chief of the Isle of Pines, tried to get all the teachers in the neighbouring islands put to death. The very hatchet he had used in killing his own teachers, he sent to Natota, the Chief of the district of New Caledonia, where the teachers lived, and charged him to take it, and kill the teachers in New Caledonia. "If you don't kill them," said he, "*I will come, and kill, and eat you.*"

They were suffered to live—but were in constant danger. Once a party came over from the Isle of Pines. The sons of Matuku were of the party. Nine or ten of them went to the house of the teachers. Noa and Tauga were the teachers' names. Noa was standing at the door; Matuku's nephew began to talk to him, trying to stir up a quarrel. "When," said he, pointing to some graves near the house, "when will those men live again? You say they will live again;—when?" "It





NOA AND TAUGA RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE.

is true," replied Noa, "they will live again, when the Son of God comes to judge the world." "It is false," cried the other, "how can they live again? Their bodies are gone to corruption—their bones are parted one from another. It is false." Noa replied, "Wait, and you will see."

Tauga, who was in the house, overheard them talking, and came out and asked them in. They went in, and Tauga took up the subject, and talked to them very seriously about the resurrection and the judgment-seat of Christ. All on a sudden, four men, three of whom were sons of Matuku, came running into the house, with hatchets in their hands. Tauga stopped and looked at them. One of them came behind him, and, seizing him with his left hand, raised the axe in his right hand, ready to strike the fatal blow. The other did the same to Noa. The teachers thought it was all over with them. But they were not afraid to die. They clasped their hands, and said, "O God! if it be thy will that the hand of the heathen be upon us this day, save our souls!" The chief was standing by, and without his leave the axe might not strike. The ruffians looked at him to know whether

they might strike. The chief shook his head. That shake of the head saved the teachers' lives. The party broke up, and went away disappointed; and the teachers were ready to say what Peter said, in Acts xii. 11.

You see the danger of Noa and Tauga in the picture. Was it not a wonderful escape? "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?"



## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LITTLE ABOUT THE JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE *Camden* at last came back from its voyages. It had made many hearts glad. It had been of great use to the missionaries.

But a larger ship was wanted;—and it was bought by the pence of children. This large ship was called the "*John Williams*." With several missionaries on board, it sailed away on the 5th of June, 1844. It had a prosperous voyage. At the several places where it called on its way, the missionaries on board received a hearty welcome. First, they stopped at the Cape, and there the Rev.



J. C. Brown, and the Rev. Durant Phillip, left them. Then they proceeded to Hobart Town, where they were affectionately welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Miller, and others. Then they proceeded to Sydney, where they were most kindly received by Dr. Ross. Then they steered their way to Tahiti, the Hervey Islands, and the Samoas, landing missionaries at different places as they went on.

From the Samoas, Mr. Murray and Mr. Turner set sail to visit the Western Isles once more. They reached Rotuma on the 9th of April, 1845. There they found the teachers and their families well, and going on with their work very comfortably. They next proceeded to Eranan, where two teachers had been left. They lowered their boat, and pulled into the place where they had formerly landed their teachers. The vessel being a new one, and having three masts, the islanders did not at first perceive that they were the same party who had visited them in the *Camden*. They came round in canoes; and the missionaries told them that they wanted to see the teachers whom they had landed two years before. They replied, that they were

a long way off, over the mountains; but said they would run for them, and tell them to come. After the missionaries had been waiting for them some time, they saw the natives beckoning them to go ashore, but they did not think this safe, and returned to the vessel. Soon they came near the shore with the boat again, in the hope of seeing the teachers, but in vain. After waiting a very long time, and perceiving that the people were secreted in rocks, having their clubs and spears, bows and arrows, they thought that something must be amiss—that they had driven the teachers to some other parts of the island, or had killed them. They therefore considered it the wisest plan to go to another island, Ekeamu, thirty miles distant, where they might hear all about it. The teachers at Ekeamu had been kindly treated; one of them and his wife had died, but the other two teachers were quite well, and going on well. They learned, however, that at Eranan, the teachers had been murdered. At Ekeamu, some more teachers were left, and then the *John Williams* sailed for Tanna. The last time we spoke about Tanna, things were discouraging there, but now we must change our tone. After

Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Turner left, a disease broke out among the people, and it seemed to them that it was a punishment inflicted upon them for having sent away their teachers. They longed to receive others. When the missionaries came in the *John Williams*, they found the house of the teachers still standing and in good order, not a plant stolen from the garden ; all just as it was left. They placed three teachers on Tanna.

After taking on board two native chiefs, with their wives, in order to show them what the gospel had done in the Samoan Islands, that they might return and tell their countrymen—the missionary party sailed to Erromanga. They anchored close by the island, and three or four natives came off to them. The object of the missionaries was to have a friendly interview with the people, to make them a few presents, and to let them see that they thought only of doing them good. Five or six natives swam on board. They were taken down into the cabin, and shown the portraits of Mr. Williams and Mr. Moffat. When they were told that Mr. Williams was the man they had killed on their shores, they did not seem at all concerned. They were

very rough-looking men. They were taken back to the shore in the boat, and several presents were made them. They brought some sandal-wood in return, but the missionaries said that they did not want that—they wished to see the chief. An old man accordingly came out, with his staff in his hand, but he sat a long way off. Then some of the natives came, and told them that they did not want any thing more, and they wished them to be off. The missionaries saw that staying would do no good, and with a heavy heart, they once more bade farewell to the shores of dark and unhappy Erromanga.



## CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE next morning they sailed for Sandwich Island. This was one of the New Hebrides Group, about fifty miles from Erromanga, and must not be confounded with the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific, at a distance of nearly 3000 miles. The missionaries

had been for some time wishing to visit Sandwich Island ; and what especially determined them to do it now, was this: when they were at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, there happened to be another ship there, "the *Ariel*," commanded by Captain Lewis, who had just returned from Sandwich Island. Captain Lewis told the missionaries, that there was a party of Samoans on the island, who had been driven ashore there many years ago, and that Sualo, the chief of this party, had sent a message through him, begging that teachers might be sent to them without delay.

So the *John Williams* sailed thither at once. The natives, when they saw it approach, came off to it in great numbers. They are a fine, noble-looking race, more gentle and more civilized than the Erromangans, or the Tannese. No one stole anything from the ship, which showed remarkable honesty in the heathen of the South Seas. One of the largest and best harbours to be found anywhere in the South Seas, is in this island, so that it will, no doubt, become an important place. Four teachers, with their wives, were left here.

Lifu is an island in the Loyalty Group,

lying not far away. The missionaries had never visited it, but they had sent teachers to it, at the request of Bula, a blind chief, who lived upon it. They resolved to visit it now, that they might inquire how the teachers were going on. A canoe came off to them, with four strange-looking men in it. Two of them came on board. The first thing they did was to undo their hair, which was covered with ashes to make it white, and wrapped round with a mat. After they had untied the mat, they shook their heads to make their hair stand off, and it stood off indeed, looking very much like a gray mop. They said that Bula, the chief, lived in another part of the island. The missionaries went to visit him, and found him very kind. The teachers were busy preaching to the people, and instructing the children.

From Lifu, the *John Williams* proceeded to touch at many other islands, which had been before supplied with teachers. At New Caledonia, the teachers were obliged to be removed, because of Matuku, the cruel chief of the Isle of Pines, of whom you have already heard. The *John Williams* then went to Sydney. Thus ended its first voyage.

Very soon it set out again, and took the entire round of the islands. The teachers had been compelled to leave Tanna, and fled to another island for fear of their lives. Those at Sandwich Island were going on well.

There is an island with a very ugly name, of which hitherto I have told you nothing. It is called Savage Island. Captain Cooke, who discovered it, gave it that name, on account of the savage appearance of the inhabitants. The missionaries in the *John Williams* wished to get access to these savage people, and see if teaching them about Jesus would not make them new creatures. It always does, when the teaching is attended to. Love to Jesus changes the heart. When these islanders learn to love Christ, they must change the name of their island. The Savage Islanders wear their hair and beard very long, and they besmear their bodies with charcoal. They look hardly like human beings, and their shouts and yells are terrific. No teachers could be landed there, because they do not suffer foreigners to go ashore. Indeed, they are so particular, that if any of their own people happen to be taken away, they are

not permitted to land again; however, the missionaries took with them in the ship a chief, who was a native of Savage Island, and who had been carried to the Samoas in a whale ship, and they resolved to try to effect his landing. The chief was accompanied by a native teacher, whom he promised to protect. They landed in safety, and were greeted by the natives. This was better than could have been expected.

And now the *John Williams* turned homeward, after having sailed 100,000 miles, and paid one hundred and thirty-five visits to various islands. She reached London on the 17th of May.

Dear children, shall not this little history teach you to pray for missionaries more than ever? Pray that their lives may be spared, and that their work may prosper, and that they may have the courage, and the boldness, and the wisdom, and zeal, that they so greatly need. Pray for the South Sea Islanders, that they may learn to fear God. Watch every month for news to come out about the New Hebrides; and perhaps one day when you open the pages of some Missionary Magazine, you will see it written—



“Tanna is a Christiau land,—Erromanga is a Christian land,—the New Hebrides have stretched out their hands unto God!”

Sooner or later it shall be so. Some of us gray-headed ones may be in our graves before then : but you, children, may live to see it. Those beautiful isles shall be more beautiful than they are now ; their cocoa-nut groves shall be places of prayer ; their hills shall be vocal with the Redeemer’s praises. The gems of the Pacific shall be gems in the crown of the King of kings : for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet  
When bending from above,  
He bids us gather round his feet,  
And calls us by his love.

He leads to heaven where angels dwell,  
He saves from endless woe;  
Our *lips*, our *lives*, can never tell,  
How much to Christ we owe.

But while our youthful hearts rejoice,  
That thus he bids us come,  
"Jesus," we cry, with pleading voice,  
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

They never heard the Saviour's name,  
They have not learned his way;  
They do not know His grace who came  
To take their sins away.

Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound  
In distant lands be heard;  
And oh! wherever sin is found,  
Send forth thy pardoning word.

And if our lips may breathe a prayer,  
Though raised in trembling fear,  
Oh! let thy grace our hearts prepare,  
And choose some heralds *here*.

## SHESH ACHURJYA,

THE YOUNG BRAHMIN WHO WANTED TO SEE GOD.

IF you could travel thousands of miles, to the vast country of India, you would be very much pleased with the beautiful birds, and splendid flowers, and delicious fruits—the gold and gems,—the lofty palm-trees, and wide and gently-flowing rivers of that distant land. But, alas ! there are millions of people in India who worship gods without number, —ugly idols of wood and stone. These gods are said to have done all kinds of wicked things; and the people imitate their gods, and are almost as wicked as they. Yet many of these poor people are unhappy about their sins; and they wash in the river Ganges, and fast, and make many prayers, and put themselves to much pains to get rid of their sins. They never heard of Him who “was once offered to bear the sins of many,” and “who taketh away the sins of the world.”

I shall tell you about a Hindoo boy who

wanted to see God, and to get his sins forgiven, and how for many years he tried and tried in vain to obtain mercy from his false god. Oh ! if the dear children in this country were but half as anxious to know the true and living Saviour, what a happy land this would be !

Little Shesh Achurjya was born at Nagpore, in the north of India. He was a Brahmin boy ; that is, he was of the highest caste or rank. When he was seven years old, his father sent him to a Gooroo, or religious teacher. This Gooroo taught him to read and write, and to study the Vedas. The Vedas are the sacred books of the Hindoos. They are full of false and foolish tales, and stories of the wicked things the gods have done—very bad books for the little boy to read—so different from the true and beautiful stories in the Bible.

When Shesh Achurjya was fourteen years old, he wished very much *to see God*. The god he wanted to see was Vishnoo, the chief god, or god of gods among the Hindoos. Was this a good wish ? Yes, I think it was, if Vishnoo had been the true God, as the young Brahmin thought he was. Moses

wished to see God ; and there were some Greeks who, when the Lord Jesus was upon earth, went all the way to Jerusalem, saying "We would see Jesus." We cannot see him now, but, if we love him here, we shall see him in heaven.

The Gooroo taught Achurjya a *muntra*, or sort of prayer ; and he told him, that if he repeated this prayer 800,000 times, Vishnoo would appear to him. Achurjya repeated his prayer over and over every day, with all his might, and in three months he had said it 800,000 times. But Vishnoo did not come. Then he began to say it all over again. He only allowed himself three hours' sleep in the night, and slept on the bare ground. He only took a little food just once a-day, and by the time he had gone through his task he had made himself ill ; but after all Vishnoo did not appear to him.

Poor Achurjya was very much disappointed, but he was not willing to give up. He was going to begin his wearisome task over again, when he was taken very ill, and obliged for some time to leave off. When he was seventeen, his father went to live at Benares. This is the sacred city of India,

and many thousands of Brahmins or priests live there. Here Achurjya met with another Gooroo, who promised, if he would give him one hundred and fifty dollars, to teach him the highest *muntra* which mortals could learn. Achurjya repeated the prayer in the Gooroo's house with many ceremonies. Sometimes he sat up to his neck in water while he said it. He repeated it a hundred and sixty-five times every day, and he scarcely ate enough food to keep him alive. His father heard about it, and fetched him away, and punished him severely for wasting so much money. The poor boy was so bent upon obtaining his heart's desire, that he left his father's house, and went to a distant part of the country to repeat his *muntra* in peace; but his father found out where he was, and brought him home again.

When Achurjya was twenty-one years of age, his father persuaded him to marry. In a few months his wife died. He married again, and soon after his second wife was accidentally drowned. Perhaps he might think this was a punishment for giving up his prayers. He would not marry again. He resolved to become a devotee, that is, to de-

vote himself to the idol, and go on pilgrimage to the idol's temples.

On foot, without attendant, many a weary step, and over many a scorching plain, he travelled. He journeyed through almost the whole length of India, from the Himalaya mountains in the north, to Cape Comorin in the south, visiting all the temples of Vishnoo, and leaving offerings there. He went to the source of the Ganges, fetched some of the sacred water to present to his idol, and at last returned to Benares.

He set out on a pilgrimage a second time, and travelled down the western coast. He stayed at Lahore two years, and spent his time in performing *poojah* for the Rajah, Runjeet Singh. This *poojah* is making up a thousand lumps of clay, every day, in the shape of a stone sacred to the god Siva, and worshipping them. After visiting more places than I can tell you, he came round the southern point of India, and up the eastern coast, till he came to Madras. At Kantchee, a little further on, he went to a Gooroo, who taught him the Siva *muntra*. He repeated this *muntra*, Ná-Má-Sá-Vá-Já, many times for eighteen long months, fasting by day, and

watching by night. Then he went to Memang to bathe in the sacred tank, for the Hindoo shasters said that this would wash the sins of twelve years away. Then he went to Tripotee, and drank water out of one of Vishnoo's shoes, to wash the sins of two years away. He performed *poojah* at many other idol temples, and returned to his friends at Benares.

Poor Achurjya was now nearly twenty-eight years of age, and half his life had been spent in wearisome and useless pilgrimages, in fastings, and prayers to a god who could not hear, who could not save. He was still unhappy and dissatisfied. His sins pressed heavily upon him, and he could find no peace. He set out on pilgrimage a third time ; and it was a happy thing for him that he did so. As he was on his way from Jugernaut to Calcutta, he fell in with another traveller who was going the same road. They travelled together for five days and Achurjya told him all that he had been doing, and what it was he wanted. The man with whom he travelled was a native Christian ; and he told Achurjya with great earnestness, that all his pilgrimages, poojahs, offerings,



and muntras, would be of no use. He told him of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom God had sent into the world to be the Saviour of men, and who had offered himself up a sacrifice for sinners. He told him much of what Jesus did and said,—his wonderful works, and his pure and holy life. When he told how Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead, Achurjya thought, “This must indeed be the Son of God.”

I think these two fellow-travellers were like the disciples going to Emmaus, and that Jesus himself was near them while they talked of him. The heart of poor Achurjya did indeed burn within him as he heard these new and joyful tidings. He found that there was a Christian church at Burdwan, near Calcutta, and he sought out the Christian missionary. A New Testament was given him, and he took it to his lodgings, and read it much. His heathen fellow-travellers were very angry with him, and they wanted to hurry him away from Burdwan, lest he should become a Christian; but while they were busy getting ready to go, he slipped off without being seen, and escaped to the mission-house in safety.

Shesh Achurjya went no more on pilgrimage. He had found what he wanted. He renounced his false gods. He remained under the teaching of the missionary, and on the 6th of August 1843, he was baptized at Burdwan, by the name of Timotheus. His great delight now is to tell his fellow-countrymen that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." He prays to be among "the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and he looks forward to the time when he shall be perfectly like his Saviour, and see him as he is.

THE END.







